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NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Night's sable robes tucked in the day And silvery stars began to peep, When kneeling down, I lisping pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

My altar then my mother's knee— At thought of whose dear name I weep—

Those were the words she taught to me: "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

How many now, grown gray with years, Ere of sweet slumber they partake, Forget to say, oft-times with tears, "If I should die before I wake?"

From infancy to wintry age, While life endures, we suppliance make.

And ever thus, the child, the sage, "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Whittier At Home.

The first installment of a series of letters that passed between Whittier and Gail Hamilton are published for the first time in the December Ladies Home Journal.

In one letter (written, however, to a friend) Gail Hamilton gives this interesting glimpse of Whittier at home:

"Imagine Whittier and me sitting together one whole day and two evenings, talking all the time and then repeating it!"

One of the brass knobs on the Franklin stove was loose and came off in my hand. I turned it over and remarked upon its brightness.

He said, "Now doesn't thee know that thee is making work?" "How?" I asked. "Why, destroying the brightness by handling it."

I rubbed it with my handkerchief and asked the housekeeper if I had made her any work. "Oh," she said, "you make me no work. Mr. Whittier always takes care of these brasses himself."

That accounted, I said, for his anxiety—and dismissed mine—for I did not think a man generally had any more work than was good for him!

The little balls of the trimming of my dress kept coming off and were lying around on the floor. I picked one up just as I was coming away and said, "There, I will give you that as a keepsake."

He laughed, and said he had two in his pocket already! He told some company in the evening that I had talked so much it had made him hoarse!"

Tricks of Choir Singers.

One of the English bishops has been complaining that he notices about many choir boys and men a want of reverence and of attention to the services that are going on, and he exemplifies this by saying that the chorists talk in song and have a sort of "voluntary" of their own wherein they drop the original words and, to sacred music, chant: "I am so hungry; I hope we shall finish soon."

But this, in reality, is a very old complaint, and the average stage manager is far more afflicted by it than even are choir-masters connected with places of worship. The rows of chorus men and girls one sees on the stage carry on long conversations about everything under the sun, and to music. And all the time they indulge in the gestures they have been taught as appropriate to the scene, their thoughts are really with the themes of their chat, and thus it is that these gestures seem so wooden and artificial. And it is a fact that the great bulk of the chorus people engaged in the high class "Italian" opera sing any gibberish they please.

Nothing dies so hard or rallies so often as intolerance.—H. W. Beecher.

THREE-CARD MONTE.

A Trick that Some Fulton County People Have Run Up Against and Got Hit.

Houck invented the three card monte game before he became of age. This is a trick with cards that has fleeced more people out of money than any other game ever practiced. This trick is played with three aces, two black ones and one red. It is always played with a confederate to help, or "stall," for the game. The operator takes three cards between his fingers, showing them to the victim and then shuffles them about and drops face down upon the table, offering to bet any amount of money that no one can pick out the red ace. At this point the operator turns his head a moment to spit or to speak to some one in the crowd behind him, and in that moment the confederate picks up the red ace card, shows it to the victim, "crimps" the corner of the card and lays it down again, apparently all unseen by the operator. The operator again shuffles the three cards and throws them upon the table face down. There lies the card with its crimped corner. The victim supposes, of course, that it is the red ace and bets and picks it up to find that it is a black one, and he has lost his money. The operator, when he picked up and shuffled the cards carelessly the second time, with a deft movement of his fingers removed the crimp in the red ace card and put a similar crimp in the black ace card. That was all there was to the trick.

Houck worked it for years in hotels, on billiard tables, at fairs and circuses and on railroad trains and steamboats. He taught the trick to Canada Bill, a noted gambler, and the two worked together all over the country. They paid thousands and thousands of dollars to railroad men in the old days for the privilege of working the game on trains and they made money.

Later, when nearly every State in the Union, passed laws aimed directly against the working of the three card monte game, it became unprofitable and was given up by Houck. But about that time an ingenious English cockney invented the "three shell" game, which was even more productive than three card monte, and Houck took it up. The three shell game is a modern improvement on the ancient thimble rigging game that was worked at English fairs for many years. The old way was for the operator to crook his knee over the head of a cane that stood upright on the ground between three thimbles on top of his leg, offering to bet that no one could pick the thimble under which the seed was hidden. The shell game has gathered its millions and it is good for millions more.

THROWN OUT OF COURT.

"In the good old days of Kentucky," says The Bar, "there was a court composed of three magistrates to try certain cases appealed from a single justice of the peace. The three magistrates were backwoodsmen. A case was being tried one day that was very important, and several hours of listening to the reading depositions, and the arguments of counsel, pro and con, and pro and con again, had so nearly entangled the court in a labyrinth of perplexing questions of law and fact that they doubted their ability to blaze their way out. So they whispered to the leading lawyer at the bar, who was sitting by as a spectator, and asked him what he thought ought to be done with the case.

"I think it ought to be thrown out of court," was the prompt and emphatic reply.

"That settled it."

"Mr. Clerk," said the chief magistrate, "pass up them papers."

"The papers, which made quite a large bundle, we handed the chief magistrate.

"Now, Mr. Sheriff," said he deliberately, "open that window." The sheriff opened the window and the case was thrown out of court.

"The feud that followed lasted fifteen years."

HE FELT SMALLEST.

The Story of a Married Man's Visit to a Grocery Store.

There are occasions when a man feels small, there are occasions when he feels smaller and there are occasions when he feels smallest. This tale deals with one of the last mentioned.

He had been instructed to get something at one of the large grocery houses in the business section of the city, "because," as his wife explained it, "they don't keep it out here."

He had also been instructed to get just two pounds of it. "because," as his wife again explained, "I merely wish to try it and see whether it is an improvement upon what I am now using."

Then she wrote the name on a slip of paper for him, for she had learned by experience not to trust to his memory, and informed him that she didn't know how much it would cost, but that it certainly would not be very much, to which he responded that he was glad of that, for the reason that he had only a little change with him.

So it happened that he drifted into one of the big retail grocery houses that afternoon, pulled out a scrap of paper with the name of what he wanted on it, handed it to a clerk and said he'd take two pounds.

The clerk looked a little surprised and asked if he couldn't use five pounds, as the stuff came in five pound packages, but he felt confident that his wife knew her business, and besides he could not forget that he only had about \$1.75 in change in his pocket anyway, so he coldly informed the clerk that he knew what he wanted and how much he wanted and that he saw no reason for wasting his hard earned cash on more than that just because they were fools enough to put it up in large packages.

The clerk said "All right" and broke the five pound package to get the necessary two pounds. Then it suddenly dawned upon the young man that in view of the bluff he had made he would be in a very awkward position if the two pounds came to more than his \$1.75. He recalled that his wife had said that it would not cost very much, but she had said the same thing once about a bonnet, and he had never placed much faith in her views of the value of things since. However, he made the best of the situation and asked, "How much?" without a trace of nervousness.

"Three cents a pound," answered the clerk.

That was when he experienced the superlative of the adjective "small." He felt he had made about 20 cents' worth of work to get 6 cents' worth of stuff out of a 15 cent package and in addition had suffered a full dollar's worth of mental torture.

He was not in good humor when he reached home.—Chicago Post.

COUNTLESS MILES.

Statements as to the distance of the pole star from the earth which have appeared in some of the newspapers lately have been ridiculously inadequate. One of the estimates made is 255,000,000 miles. Now, if one will remember that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away and that its light comes to us in eight minutes, he will see that if the foregoing estimate of the distance of the pole star were right its beams could reach us in about 15 days. It would be only about 2,700 times as far off as the sun.

Light travels 6,000,000,000,000 miles in a year, and even the most modest guesses as to the parallax of Polaris make it 35 light years. Pritchard's estimate in 1887 was 90 light years, but he has since modified his figures. Hence, if one will write 210 and add 12 ciphers thereto he will have the number of miles which the most conservative authorities believe intervene between the earth and the pole star.—New York Tribune.

The man who pardons easily courts injury.—Cornille.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.—Burke.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

VACANT PANEL IN THE DOME.

In the interior of the dome of the capital there hangs a big painter's scaffold, which hides one panel of the big mural paintings that illustrate the leading events of the nation's history. Visitors usually suppose that the scaffold is being used by cleaners. Residents have ceased to notice it.

The scaffold has been there for 25 years. It makes a white wall and a story.

When congress decided to have the mural historical paintings executed it employed a celebrated artist named Brumidi to do the work. It decided the subjects of the pictures and appropriated money for the work. Brumidi began to paint.

When he was half way around the dome Brumidi died. Congress appointed Costaggini, another famous painter, to finish the work.

As Costaggini approached the end of his task he found that, either through his own error or Brumidi's, there were not enough pictures to go around. Enough white space remained for another painting.

The artist reported to the committee of congress which had charge of the work. Its members told him to wait while they decided on a subject. After a little while they determined that the space should be occupied by a picture showing the driving of the last spike on the Union Pacific railroad.

When the matter came up in congress for confirmation the opponents of Senator Stanford saw in it a scheme for his personal aggrandizement and they fought it. The plan was defeated and Costaggini was told to wait longer.

He is still waiting. From time to time other pictures have been proposed, but no subject has seemed of sufficient importance to satisfy congress.

When the world's fair at Chicago became a success it was proposed to make that the subject of the painting. Potter Palmer, Moses P. Handy, the board of lady managers and so many other Chicagoans wanted to be in it, however, that congress decided that Chicago wanted too much; and rejected the plan. Since then no picture to fill the place has been proposed.

A resolution to have a picture of the victory of Dewey at Manila painted in the space introduced into both houses, it seems probable would not meet a dissenting vote.—N. Y. Journal.

WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE COST.

In a certain town in Vermont, said a Boston drummer, as he chewed away at a pepsin tablet, I picked up a wallet containing \$500 in cash. In it were papers bearing the owner's name, and he proved to be the mayor of the town. I at once hunted him up and handed over his lost cash, and as he received it he looked me over and scratched the back of his head and said:

"I shall reward you, of course. How much do you think you ought to have."

"Nothing whatever, sir. I am glad to restore your property."

"But you expect something?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't look for me to give you a cent?"

"Not a red."

"It don't seem possible," he went on as he looked me over again, "but I'll have to take you at your word. Do you know what it might have cost me, sir, had any one else found this wallet?"

"I can't say, of course."

"I'd have had to hand over at least 10 cents, sir, and he might have struck me for 15 or 25."

It was General Lee's custom to leave his tent door open in the morning for a sprightly hen that had gone into the egg business promptly and thus had saved her head. When she stepped in General Lee would put aside his work and walk past deferentially upon the outside until her cackle announced the mysteries of egg laying at an end. She roosted and rode in his wagon, was an eyewitness of the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and was finally sacrificed upon the altar of hospitality at Orange Court House in 1864.

DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES.

Many years ago a number of Peoria Indians organized a show company and made a tour of the east. They were mostly half-breeds and all were thoroughly educated in English, but it was stipulated by the management that they must talk only in their native tongue, and when they got on their war togs they looked savage enough, indeed. Among the company was Will Labadie, well known in Galena, and one evening he was standing in the corridor of an eastern hotel, dressed in his chief's robes and looking every inch the savage man of fiction, when he was approached by an elegantly gowned lady and the following conversation ensued:

"How?"

"Ugh."

"You big chief in your country?"

"Ugh."

"You go to Washington to see great White Father?"

"Ugh."

"You cannot speak white man's tongue; you no speak English?"

"No madam. I regret to say that I do not understand the language."

The poor woman was greatly surprised and embarrassed, but perhaps not so much as a bevy of girls on a later occasion. In almost every town some of the audience would remain behind to get a better view of the awful savages. One night Labadie had taken his seat in the orchestra box after the show and four or five young ladies who were standing near commenced to comment on his personal appearance.

"How would you like to kiss him?" said one of the maidens, with a titter. "Oh, girls! let's all do it, just to see how it would feel to kiss a real Indian!" exclaimed one more daring than the rest, whereupon Labadie turned calmly to them and said:

"Ladies, nothing would afford me more pleasure than to give you a practical illustration of the osculatory accomplishments of the red man."

There was a chorus of little screams, a swish of skirts and the theater was empty.

SOME FIRST APPEARANCES.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first air pump was made in 1654.

Anaesthesia was first discovered in 1844.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1773.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

The first matches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

The first newspaper advertisements appeared in 1652.

The first copper coin was coined in New Haven in 1687.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first almanac was printed by George von Purback in 1460.

The first chimneys were introduced into Rome from Padua in 1368.

Glass was early discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over 3,000 years old.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first national bank in the United States was incorporated by congress, December 31, 1783.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y. in March, 1808.

Supplying All Wants.

The Peddler—I have the most excellent silver polish.

The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't got any silver.

"Well, then, it will take grease spots out of wall paper."

"Haven't got any wall paper."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, it will make oil paintings look like new."

"Haven't got any oil paintings."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."

The crown prince of Germany becomes of age next May and will have as his separate establishment the old castle at Potsdam.

PARLOR RUG AT GREATHEAD'S

An all wool Rug, 6 feet x 9 feet, weighing 2 to the square yard. Will lay flat on the floor tacking.

Can furnish them any size from 6x9 feet to feet. Also a good line of CARPETS at Prices.

Our assortment of General Merchandise will be kept up to the high standard in goods as usual.

J. W. GREATHEAD

Established 1792. Continued

A WORD Before Institute

If you want An Elegant Cheap Suit

we are making them. Hands to make six and suits every week, and we are making them cheaper better than ever.

Our Suiting and Pantaloon assortment is large. After all it pays to have suits made to order, although our Ready-made Clothing is larger than ever and we sell more.

If you want anything from a Hat down, in the Furnishing line we have it. Call.

A. U. NACE & SON

BANKS BROS The Big Chambersburg Store

Our Holiday display is attracting crowds from all over the country. No one thinks of visiting Chambersburg without coming to the Big Big Store.

Toys, Dolls, Fancy Goods, Books, Games, Tree Ornaments, Chairs, Fancy Lamps, Chinaware, Glassware and everything you can think of.

BANKS BROS., Chambersburg, Pa.

5 per cent discount if you bring this advertisement with you.

A Wonderful Variety of ROCKING CHAIRS

Very Nice Designs from \$1.25 to \$25.00

COUCHES AND LOUNGES, large stock, pretty patterns, nice and comfortable.

Some very handsome new SIDEBOARDS in den Oak.

Extension Tables and Chairs

Morris Chairs,

New lot of Ladies' Desks, \$3.50, and Up.

Dressing Tables, Parlor Tables, Tables

Plant Stands, Clothes Poles, India Seats,

Piano Benches and Stools, Easels, Stools

And a great variety of Household Furniture, such as you will find nowhere else in this section.

H. SIERER & CO.

Furniture Makers on Queen Street,

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.